

CHANDAMAMA

JULY 1983

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'KRISHNA'

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Vol. III • Why do we get pimples? • What is a test-tube baby? • Why were the pyramids of Egypt built? • Why do we dream? • What are dinosaurs? • What is Death Valley? • What are isotopes? • Can any serpent fly? • What is Yoga? • What is Marathon race?

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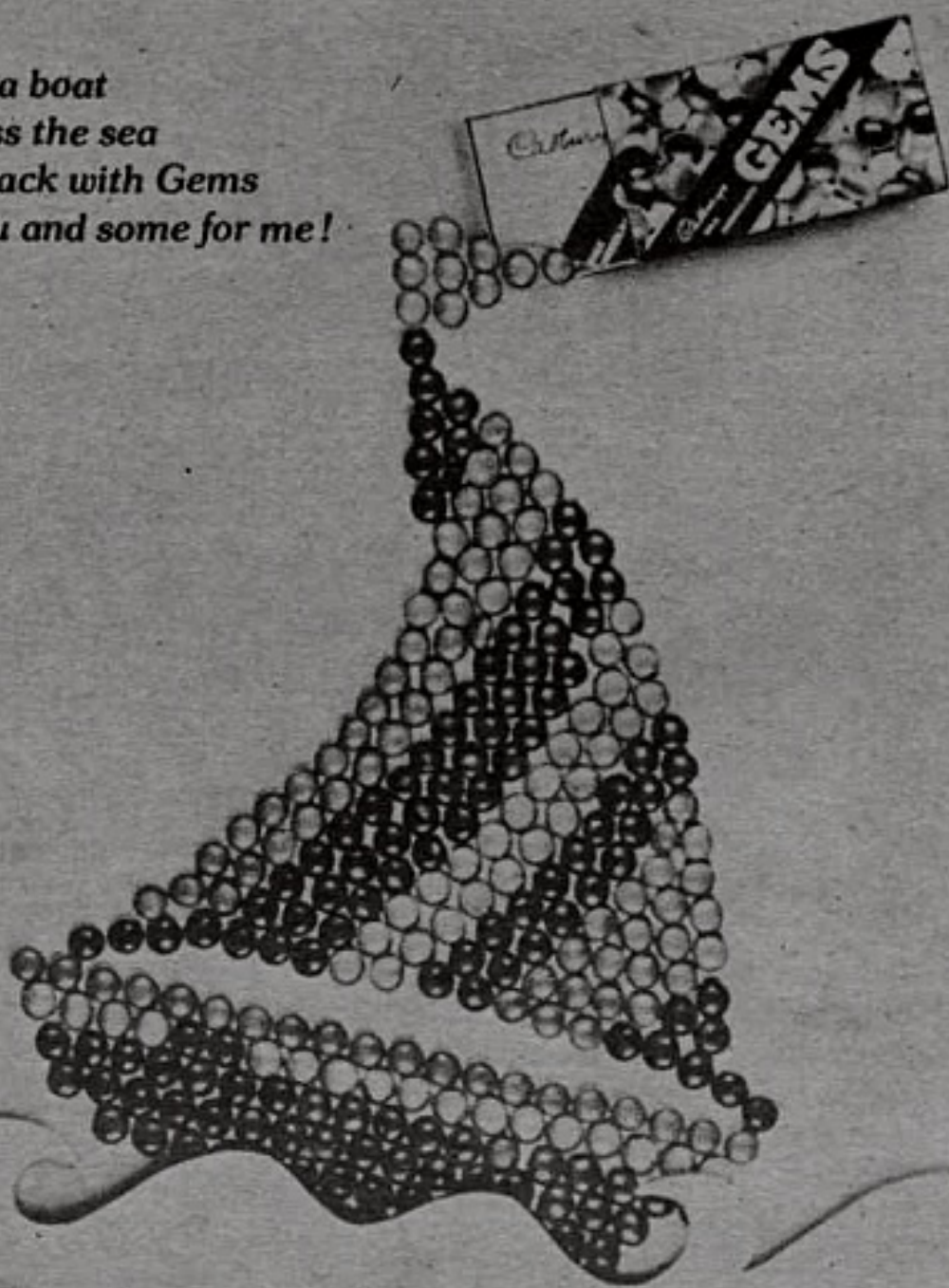


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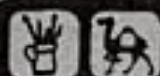


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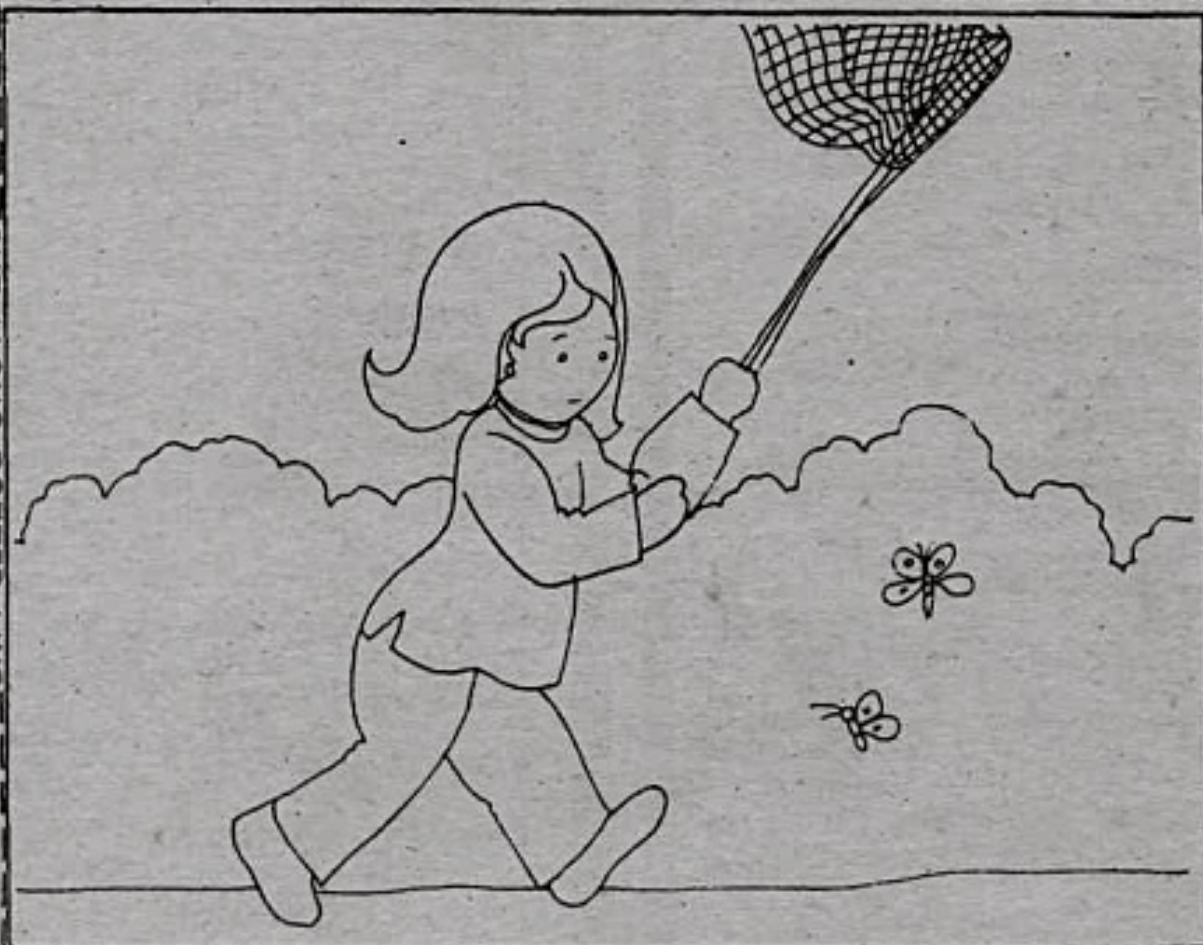
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CONTEST NO.31

Results of Chandamama—Camlin Colouring Contest No. 29 (English)

1st Prize: Rajesh Kumar Singh, Calcutta-40. 2nd Prize: Girish Vasant Chiddarar, Digra, Surjyanarayan Kar, Bhubaneswar. Angeli Kapoor, Bombay-57. 3rd Prize: Tudaya Kumar, Durgapur-5. A. Farhath, Kalpakkam. R. Hema, Trichy-14. Trupti S. Patel, Baroda. Jayendra D. Patil, Vadodara-390 004. Abhijit Ashok Chachad, Thane-2. Sumit Sikdar, Calcutta-19. Master Jay I Vasu, Bombay-400 067. Aparna S. Aphale, Bombay-400 061. Vatakar Nagorao, Degloor.

CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 14
AUGUST 1983
No. 2

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* *The Most Marvellous Machine* — Towards a Brighter Personality

* *Puzzle of the Ivory Box* — in Mysteries of Mallipuram

* *The Most Beautiful Woman in the World* — the favourite story of Harindranath Chattopadhyay

* *Strangers from a Sunless Land* — an Unsolved Mystery

* *A Legend of India*

* *An Arabian Night Story*

* *Aurangzeb usurps the Throne* — in Story of India

AND the concluding chapter of the *THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER* among other articles



Printed by B.V. REDDI at Prasad Process Private Ltd. and published by B. VISWANATHA REDDI for CHANDAMAMA CHILDREN'S TRUST FUND (Prop. of Chandamama Publications), 188 Arcot Road, Madras-600 026 (India)

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FORWARD TO FOURTEENTH YEAR!

With this issue *Chandamama* steps into the 14th year of publication. On this occasion it sends its warm greetings to you—its readers and well-wishers.

All those who have been reading *Chandamama* regularly know that it is much more than a magazine; it is a mission. Like the moon that sublimates stark sunrays into mellow golden light, *Chandamama* transforms knowledge and experience into joy.

Chandamama is proud of the fact that it does not give anything that will offend or injure the tender consciousness of its young readers. Yet the fact that you read it is a tribute to your love for worthy and healthy things. This is a challenge to those who think that in order to sell a magazine has to pamper the base passions of its readers and satisfy their impure curiosity.

We hope to keep up this challenge with your support.

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

यस्मिन् जीवति जीवन्ति बहवः स तु जीवति ।

काकोऽपि किं न कुर्वते चञ्च्वा स्वोदरपूरणम् ॥

Yasmin jīvati jīvanti bahavaḥ sa tu jīvati,

Kāko'pi kiṁ na kurute cañcvā svodarapūraṇam.

He is truly living who helps many others to live. Even a crow knows how to feed itself. (But that is hardly living a life.)

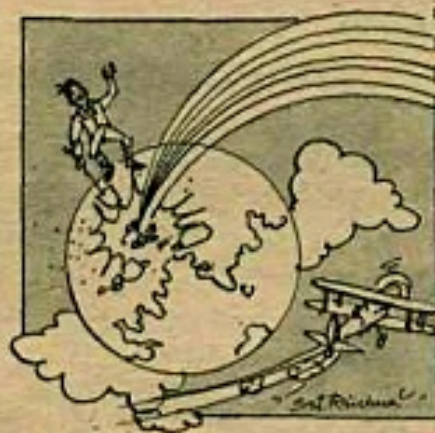
The Hitopadeshah

THEIR CONCEPT OF HAPPINESS

Response to the Contest A announced in May was highly encouraging. Most of the entries were fine, though the ideas were as varied as from "realising God" to "enjoying as much sleep as possible." Reproduced below are extracts (occasionally condensed) from the prize-winning entries.

There is an old parable telling us that if anyone reaches the spot where the rainbow touches the earth and digs, he is sure to find gold. This is symbolic of man's quest for perfect happiness... Just as the rainbow is a faint projection of the light of the sun, so are all human joys a faint reflection of God who is the true source of happiness.

—Hari Viswanthan, Pune.



Happiness is divine. We can neither buy nor borrow it. We can only feel it as we feel the air... standing on the seashore and watching the sea on a fullmoon night is my concept of happiness... I have the fascinating habit of walking with the moon... The faster I walk the faster the moon moves with me.

—A. Parthava, Madras.

"Would you rather be a pig happy or a Socrates unhappy?" someone asked. The answer depends on our idea of happiness... It can be realised when there is "..... no wave of moral tumult to obliterate the soul's marmorial calmness."

—Arpita Brahmachari, Calcutta.



Someone remarked to Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel that the Constitution of India is a delusion. Where is all the happiness it is supposed to guarantee for us?"

The Sardar smiled kindly and said, "All that the Constitution guarantees is, my friend, the pursuit of happiness. You have to catch up with it yourself!"

Nobody can provide happiness to us unless we earn it. Happiness comes in our fulfilling our responsibilities, in helping others. As we give, so we get.

—Jose J. Correia-Afonso,
Benaulim (Goa)



*Here is an answer with a difference—
culled from a mythological story published
in Chandamama:*

A princess fell in love with a prince living exiled in a forest. The king and the queen pleaded with her to change her mind. But she replied, "My concept of happiness is different. Happiness is a state of mind. For me the forest is no less beautiful than the palace. Beasts and birds are no inferior to human beings as companions. Besides, I am not afraid of anybody. It is because my fate is in the hands of the Divine Mother."

—V.K. Madhav
Ujjain

Answers to Contest B:

1. Raja Rammohan Roy
2. A sapling of the Bodhi Tree hallowed by the Buddha was carried to Sri Lanka by Princess Sanghamitra. The same is still alive.

Winners: P.L. Shenoy, Ahmedabad and N. Senthil Murali, Coimbatore.

(Many of the entries were factually correct. The awards are given on the basis of the language of the answers.)

NEWS - FLASH

From the Depth of Tide and Time



Way back in 1622 a fierce hurricane ripped through the Straits of Florida, sinking two Spanish ships *Santa Margarita* and *Atocha*. The ships carried \$600 million worth of gold. The wealth was gone along with 380 lives.

Veteran treasure hunter Mel Fisher has just recovered from the sea-bed one-tenth of the buried gold. Before long he will recover the rest. This has been one of the greatest successful treasure-hunts of all time.

Whale in the Desert



Geologist Geoffrey Franks was looking for oil deposits in the Sahara desert. What he found was a whale! Not a living one, of course, but the bones of one that swam there more than 40 million years ago.

Several other fossils were discovered too, of crocodiles and sharks, proving that Sahara was once a part of the sea!

Beware of Boxing

Have plenty of sports, gymnastics, and other exercises by all means. However, your magazine deems it its duty to inform the young readers the latest research on boxing. *The Journal of the American Medical Association* concludes with proofs that boxing can lead to chronic brain damage. It terms boxing as "a throwback to uncivilized man".



Krishna

—By Manoj Das

(Story so far: Krishna, the incarnation of Vishnu, is growing up at Gopa. Suspecting that he might be the one destined to destroy him, Kamsa, the demon-king of Mathura, is doing all he can to kill the child, but in vain.)

7. A TALE OF TWO TREES

The charming village Gopa, situated in the region called Braja, was surrounded by vast meadows covered by lush green grass. The river Yamuna cut through the valley and entered a forest that was not far from the village.

While the cowherd boys of Gopa freely moved about in the

meadows with their cattle, the elders often went into the forest for gathering wood or fruit. The forest had proved beneficent to them for ages.

But the situation changed rapidly. It was a dusky hour late one afternoon. All was quiet except for the lowing of a cow here and another there or the





merry song of a boy in the fields. When the breeze blew from the direction of the river, once in a while one could hear the surge and swirl of the waters.

All on a sudden a shriek shattered the silence of the hour. In a minute several people came out to the streets. They located the boy who was crying madly and rushing into the village.

"What's the matter with you?" The villagers stopped him and enquired of him anxiously.

"A tiger!" cried out the boy. And soon he managed to say how the terrible beast pounced

upon one of his cows and dragged it away into the forest.

The people stood stunned. Some one said, "Let's inform our king."

Before long King Nanda, armed with bow and arrows and accompanied by several men, marched to the spot where the boy had lost his cow to the tiger. From the paw-marks left on the sands they knew that it was a big beast.

King Nanda tried to trace it, but could not. The forest spread over a large area and it was deeper as it was farther from the locality. The tiger had escaped to its safety.

The tiger struck again—at night. It invaded a cowshed and decamped with a calf. In a few days, it became clear that not one but several tigers were stalking the cattle of Gopa.

There was nothing surprising in a leopard or a hyena straying into the locality. But a pack of tigers making the village its target was unusual.

Before Vosudev left Devaki's eighth child with Yasoda, his other wife, Rohini, was already living there with her son.

Soon came an auspicious day when the two boys were to be named. Vosudev sent his priest

to Gopa. He studied the horoscopes of the boys and named Rohini's son Balarama and Devaki's son Krishna. The priest also revealed to Nanda, privately, the very special character of the boys—that they were born in order to accomplish some great missions. He left the king in no doubt that Krishna was the incarnation of Vishnu.

Nanda now understood the mystery of the tigers attacking Gopa. Whenever the Divine Spirit took human birth, the evil forces grew restless. They tried their best to harm the manifestation. Most probably the tigers were spurred by such forces to

fall upon Gopa—the home of the God-child.

King Nanda's apprehension was strengthened by an incredible event.

The tiny Krishna was growing awfully naughty. He would crawl into the kitchen and throw his hands into the pots containing cream and butter and swallow lumps of them. Of course he was caught in no time as dabs of those milky stuff marked his face.

The child seemed to be absolutely fearless! One day he was seen hanging on to the horns of a fierce bull of whom all were afraid! What was equally





breath-taking, once he was seen playing with a naked sword with dangerously sharp edges.

Can such a child be left unwatched? Queen Yasoda who had to be out of the palace for a moment, looked for a trusted maid to take charge of the child. But no one was at hand. She took recourse to a novel method to keep him under check. With a silken rope she tied Krishna to a grinding stone. She was sure the child would never be able to break away from it.

The queen went away, asking the palace-servants to keep an eye on the imprisoned child. The servants did not feel it

necessary to pay any special attention to the child until he cried.

Moments later they heard a rumbling sound. To their amazement they saw Krishna crawling away fast—very fast—dragging along the stone.

The servants, though astonished at the child's feat, did not think it necessary to rush to stop him. How far can he go with the heavy stone trailing him?

So they looked on, quite amused.

But the boy acted very rapidly. In the twinkle of an eye he crossed the threshold leading to the backyard. The servants now ran to stop him and bring him back into the house.

But the child was proceeding at great speed. Soon he tried to cross into the garden through two huge trees, but the stone he was towing got stuck to them. The child stopped and looked back at the huge trees standing like two sentinels over the garden. Adamantly he pulled on, now standing up and leaning forward. Those who saw him doing so laughed. It was time for them to go and lift the child, they thought.

But something strange seemed to be in the offing. The

trees shook violently. And the very next moment they crashed to the ground, totally uprooted.

The thundering sound and the cloud of dust stunned all. In the meanwhile Queen Yasoda had come back.

"Where is my child?" she demanded of the servants.

The servants who stood bewildered broke down. They were even afraid of thinking what might have happened to the child.

"Where is my child?" the queen repeated her question. The sudden collapse of the trees, the absence of the child and the wailing of the servants puzzled her.

The dust settled down. From between the trees was heard a giggle. Like the moon emerging from clouds, the sweet face of Krishna, bright with a smile, was seen amidst the foliage of the fallen trees.

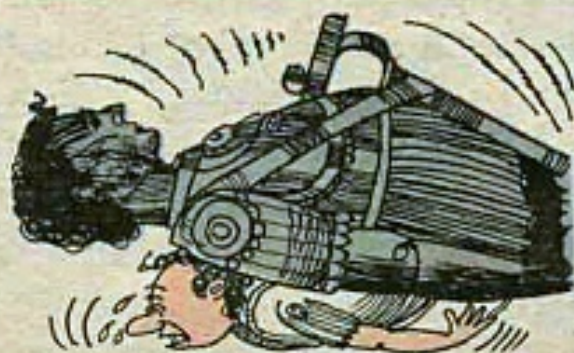
Mother Yasoda made a dash



for the child and took him to her arms. Her maids came running and removed the rope from the child's waist.

How could such a miracle be possible by a mere pull from the child?

But one of the boys of Gopa had seen something astonishing and spectacular. When the trees



An ancient history of Greece speaks of a young man who became so popular in his town when he won laurels in the Olympics that his townsfolk raised a statue in his honour. At night another young man tried to topple it. He succeeded, but the statue toppled on him and crushed him to death. Comments the historian, "It is not the statue that killed him, but envy."

began to shake, their leafy tops took the form of two serene faces. They seemed to be looking at the child below, with gratitude and delight. They fell as if with the sole motive of prostrating themselves to Krishna.

Only a few—and they were sages—knew the mystery of the falling trees. Once upon a time two young Gundharvas had been discourteous towards Sage Narada. For their folly the sage had cursed them to be born as two trees and spend a hundred years as silent witnesses to human follies.

Lately the trees had seen to

their boundless joy the coming of Krishna. Their curse had at last been changed into blessings—they felt. And the Sage Narada had also meant them to be liberated upon a playful touch from Krishna.

However, King Nanda who did not know this, thought that the falling of the trees was perhaps yet another trick of some wicked elements to harm the child.

After the shock and surprise over the incident subsided, King Nanda wondered if it would not be wise for him to forsake Gopa and settle down at some other place.



A TALE FROM CHINA

TWO OF EVERYTHING



Mr. and Mrs. Hak-Tak were poor, hard-working people. They owned a small house in a mountain village and a tiny patch of ground where Mr. Hak-Tak managed to grow just enough vegetables for his wife and himself to live on.

Now, one day it so happened that when Mr. Hak-Tak was digging over his precious plot of earth he uncovered a large brass pot. To his disappointment the pot did not contain anything, but he was sure his wife could find some use for it. As he

struggled to lift the large and heavy pot, his money purse, which he kept tucked in his belt, slipped to the ground. Thinking that the safest place for the purse was in the pot, Mr. Hak-Tak dropped it inside and then staggered home with his load.

"My dear, whatever have you got there?" asked Mrs. Hak-Tak. When she saw what her husband was carrying.

"It's a brass pot I found buried in the vegetable patch," Mr. Hak-Tak replied. "I thought we could find a use for it although it is too large for cooking and too small for a bath. The only thing it has been useful for so far is carrying my money purse home."

Mrs. Hak-Tak stopped to look inside the pot and as she did so one of her hairpins fell inside. She reached inside to find it and suddenly gave a gasp of surprise.

"Oh my dear husband!" she



cried. "What can be the meaning of this? I put my hand into the pot to fetch out my hairpin and your purse and look, I have brought out two hairpins and two purses, exactly alike."

"Open the purse. Open both purses," said Mr. Hak-Tak. "One of them is certain to be empty."

But this was not so. Both purses contained exactly the same amount of money.

"Now we have twice as much money as before," cried Mrs. Hak-Tak, "and I have two hair-

pins instead of one."

For the next few hours the Hak-Taks amused themselves by putting all sorts of things into the pot. Mr. Hak-Tak put in his padded winter coat and when he took it out again, another coat lay at the bottom. Mrs. Hak-Tak put in a blanket, saying they would need another during the cold winter, and sure enough she pulled out two blankets. The brass pot never failed them and then Mr. Hak-Tak had an idea.

"My dear wife, let us put my purse in again and again. If we take out two purses each time we put in one, we shall have enough money by tomorrow evening to buy everything we need."

Mrs. Hak-Tak agreed and dropped in one purse and then pulled out two. She added the new money to the old amount, dropped in the purse again, and pulled out twice the larger amount. For several hours the Hak-Taks continued to do this until they had more than enough money for all their needs. "Come, my dear wife," said Mr. Hak-Tak at long last. "It is time we slept, and besides, the pot will still be here tomorrow and we can continue to

increase our wealth."

The next morning they rose early. Mr. Hak-Tak filled his wallet with money taken from the pot and then, bidding his wife goodbye, he set off to buy more things in one morning than he had bought in thirty years.

At lunchtime Mr. Hak-Tak returned home and called to his wife to come and see what he had bought. Mrs. Hak-Tak, who had just been looking into the brass pot, heard her husband call and she turned to greet him. At that moment something unexpected happened—she overbalanced and, alas, tumbled right into the pot.

Mr. Hak-Tak ran across the room to pull out his wife, but no sooner had he set her down safely, than he saw the kicking legs of another Mrs. Hak-Tak in the pot. He quickly pulled the second woman out.

As soon as old Mrs. Hak-Tak saw the other woman she screamed at the top of her voice, "I will not have a second Mrs. Hak-Tak in the house. Put her back in the pot at once."

"What? And draw out two more?" said her husband. "If two wives are too many for me what should I do with three?"

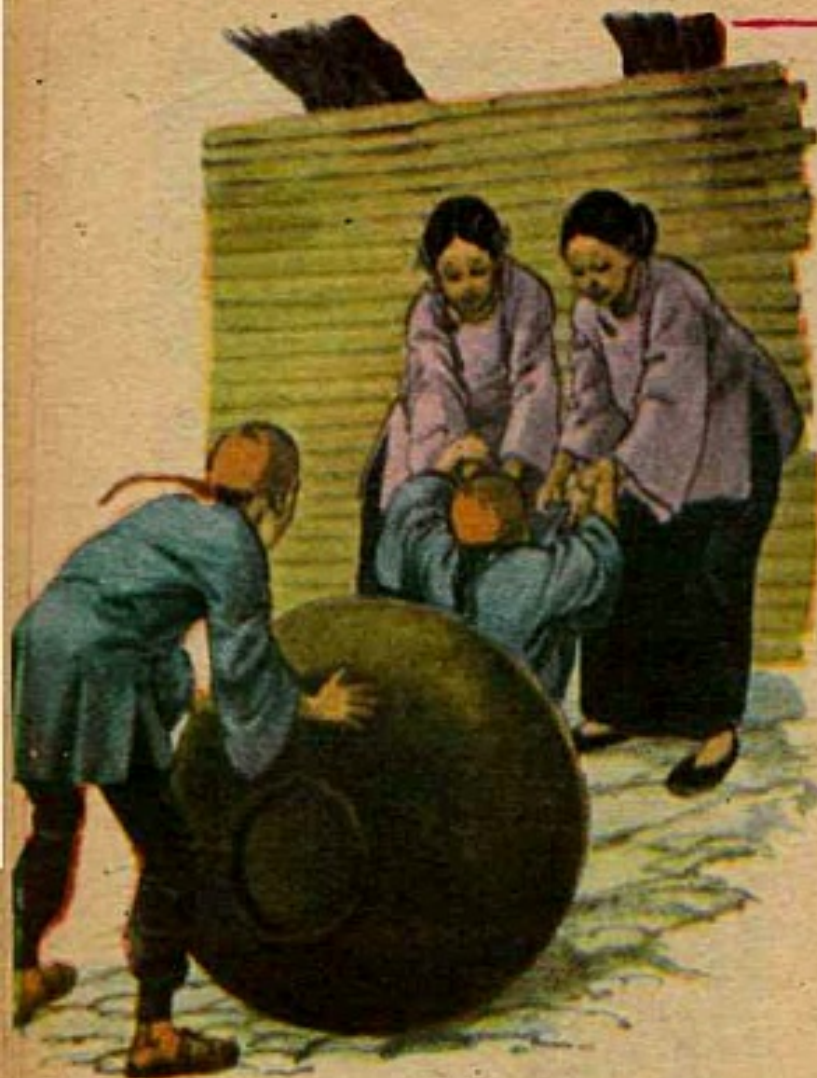
As he said this Mr. Hak-Tak took a step backwards, tripped over and, alas, fell straight into the pot.

Both Mrs. Hak-Taks ran to pull him out, but no sooner had they helped the first Mr. Hak-Tak out than they saw a second Mr. Hak-Tak, exactly like the first, inside the brass pot.

Then old Mr. Hak-Tak stormed and raged, not liking the idea of having a double any more than his wife.

Suddenly old Mrs. Hak-Tak





had a bright idea. "Listen, my dear husband," she said. "It is a very good thing that there is a new one of you as well as a new one of me. It means that you and I can go on in our usual

way, and these new people can set up house together next door."

This is just what happened. The old Hak-Taks built themselves a fine house with the money they had taken from the pot and next door they built a house just like it for the new Hak-Taks. Whatever they bought they dropped into the pot, so they had another just like it to give to the new Hak-Taks. The neighbours, of course, were very surprised at the Hak-Taks' new wealth and even more so with the new couple who looked so much like the old Hak-Taks.

They were sure the new couple must be very close relations and they said in a jocular vein. "It looks as though the Hak-Taks when they became so unexpectedly rich decided to have two of everything including themselves!"



DOLL AT MIDNIGHT

Mother and the little Lucy were in bed. Lucy woke up at midnight and insisted on having her doll brought to her bedside.

"If you don't go to sleep, I'll bring the stick and beat you," said the annoyed mother.

"Where is the stick, mummy?"

"On the rack."

"Since you're going there anyway, please bring my poor doll which too is on the rack."

"The Prince and the Pauper"

(Tom Canty, a pauper, and Edward, King of England, have changed places. Tom is on his way to his coronation when his mother recognises him..)

An officer of the King's Guard came forward and snatched Tom's mother away. As he sent her reeling back into the crowd, Tom turned away, unable to bear seeing his mother being treated in such a manner.



The shining pageant went winding like a radiant serpent through the crooked lanes of the quaint old city. And everywhere he went Tom was greeted by loud cheers. But, suddenly, for the first time, Tom found it all valueless, now that remorse was eating his heart out.

The Lord Protector, noticing his unhappiness, rode forward, "My liege," he said, "do not let the people see you with downcast head. They will take it for an ill-omen. Show, instead, a smiling face to your people."





At Westminster, the robed and mitred heads of the Church awaited him. Tom was led into a private room, and presently reappeared clothed in a long robe of gold cloth. He was then conducted to the throne. For sometime the ancient ceremonies went on. But, at last, the final act was at hand, as the Archbishop of Canterbury lifted up the crown of England from its cushion.

It was at this point that a boy, ill-shod and clothed in coarse garments, moved up the great central aisle. Lifting a hand, he shouted: "I forbid you to set the crown of England upon his head. I am the king!"



In an instant, several indignant hands were laid upon the boy. But in the same instant, Tom Cauty, in his regal vestments, made a swift step forward and cried out in a ringing voice: "Loose him and forbear. He is the king!"



Falling on his knees before the king, Tom said: "Oh, my lord, let poor Tom Canty be the first to swear fealty to thee and say, 'Put on thy crown and enter into thine own again.'"



The stern expression on the Lord Protector's face as he came hurrying forward gave an expression of wondering surprise when he saw the two boys side by side. "What a strange resemblance!" he exclaimed. "Everything will be explained," Edward said in a lofty voice which went ill with his clothing.

The Lord Protector ordered the boys to be taken to an anteroom where he questioned Edward closely. But the Lord Protector was not satisfied. "There is one sure way to prove whether you are the king."



"Where is the Great Seal hidden?" demanded the Lord Protector, fixing a stern eye on the young boy in rags who claimed to be the king. "That is easily answered," Edward told him calmly, "It is in my private cabinet in the palace."

"Then we shall all go there and you shall find it for us for yourself," said the Lord Protector. Under an escort of guards, Tom Canty and Edward were taken to the palace. Edward led the way to the royal chamber where he and Tom had changed clothes. Inside the chamber he went to the jewel closet and swung the door open. "See," Edward said triumphantly. "The Great Seal—" But the seal was not there!



"You dare jest with me, boy," said the Lord Protector. "You shall have a whipping the like of which you've never had before." Before the guards could seize the bewildered young king, Tom sprang forward, "Hold!" He turned eagerly to Edward. "You remember when you rushed forward from the palace clothed in my rags to punish the soldier that insulted me?"

Edward furrowed his brow trying to remember what had occurred. Then it all came back to him. How he had paused on his way out before the Great Seal lying on the table. How he had snatched it up, at the same time looking for a hiding place for it. And how he had found it in the arm-piece of a suit of Milanese armour in his chamber.





A Tale from Sicily

THE WHISTLE AND THE PURSE

nuts and drink. For a long time the two seats at the table remained empty, but as the feast was coming to an end, two women suddenly appeared. One was old, with a happy smiling face. She sat down beside the mother of little Franco. The other was sterner-looking and she sat down beside the mother of Geraldo.

The two strangers ate a little and then got up from the table and asked to see the two infant boys.

The older, smiling fairy, touched Franco and said in a trembling voice, "I am the fairy Lubina, and the only gift I can give to this child is happiness in his heart. To make sure that he will always be happy, I will give him this magic whistle. When he blows it, sadness will run away."

The other woman then touched the forehead of little Geraldo and said:

"I am the fairy Laurita, and it is in my power to give this child

Once upon a time in a little village in Sicily, two peasants and their wives were throwing a feast. The occasion was the naming of their newborn sons. They were to be christened Franco and Geraldo. It was the custom at that time always to leave two empty places at the table, for the simple peasants believed that two fairies might appear and give their blessings to the babies for their happy future.

It was a gay little party with a good soup, followed by chest-

a special gift. Geraldo will never be poor. Whenever he has the need for money, he must hold this leather purse and say the magic words 'Good old gold' and he will find inside three gold coins. But, remember, this will happen only once a day."

The two fairies vanished as suddenly as they had appeared.

The parents of Geraldo were very pleased with their son's gift—riches for ever.

The parents of Franco were not so pleased, because all their

son had been given was the gift of happiness, and happiness could not be eaten or used as money.

The two children grew up and their mothers made them use the gifts that had been given them. Franco was always happy because of his magic whistle, but Geraldo always seemed better off, because all he had to do was hold the leather bag every day and say "Good old gold" and out dropped three shining gold coins. The parents of



Geraldo always had plenty of money and they looked down on the poorer parents of Franco.

When the two boys had grown into men they became soldiers of the Duke of Aquitania and were sent to fight against the Moors.

Alas, one day, they were both captured by the Moors and sent to work in the gardens of the Emir.

Thanks to his magic whistle, Franco never felt sad or unhap-

py and was often heard to be singing as he went about his tasks. But Geraldo was different, he was not happy at all. He went to the Emir one day and asked him how much it would cost to buy his freedom.

"Sixty gold coins," laughed the Emir, who thought that such a sum was far more than a peasant would have in a lifetime.

"I will give it to you in twenty days," said Geraldo.

The Emir was surprised and





suspicious of Geraldo's answer and sent people to spy on him. They soon discovered the secret of Geraldo's magic purse and the Emir, being very greedy, wanted the purse for himself.

"Even if you give me sixty times sixty gold coins," the Emir told Geraldo, "I will not let you go. I command that you place three gold coins upon my table every day or you will be tortured."

Every day, poor Geraldo had to say the three magic words and give coins to the Emir.

One day the Emir's daughter

fell ill. She could not eat and could not smile any more. Nothing could cure her, but at last one of the Emir's ministers had an idea. "Why not ask that prisoner Franco, who is always happy and laughing, to see if he can do anything?"

Franco was called into the palace and shown the unhappy princess. He played a few soft notes on his magic whistle and at once the princess was smiling and asking for something to eat.

The Emir was delighted and he told Franco he could have his freedom as a reward.

"I would like you to set free all your prisoners," said Franco.

The Emir was reluctant to agree at first because he wanted the three coins from Geraldo every day. But his daughter was so happy that he finally agreed.

Franco and Geraldo set off together for their homes in Sicily. As they came to a river, Geraldo took the leather purse from his pocket and cast it into the waters.

"I never want to see it again," he said to Franco. "It has only brought me bad luck. You, Franco, had the better gift from the fairies, because happiness is a treasure far greater than riches."

THE SPLENDID TIGER HUNT

The young king had an old minister who was wise and affectionate and the king liked him very much.

One day the king was going out for hunting tigers. "Dear Minister, I'll be happy if you accompany us," he said.

The minister had no enthusiasm for going out in search of tigers. But he could not refuse the royal invitation.

The party returned in the evening. "How did the hunting go?" the minister was asked by his wife.

"It was splendid!" replied the minister.

"Is that so? How many tigers did you come across?"

"Not even one!"

"Then how do you say it was splendid?"

"That is why! Do you think I'd be looking so smart by now if I had met a tiger?" explained the minister.



A TALE FROM THE SOUTH-SEA ISLANDS



THE PRINCE AND

Once, on a far-away island in the sunny South Seas, there lived a king who had only one son.

The people were happy, for there the sun always shone bright and there was always plenty of food. Only the king was sad, for his little son had been dumb from birth. No one

had been able to make him utter a word.

On the same island there lived a lively, jolly rogue named Pango, who loved lazing in the sun and playing tricks on people, but hated work of any kind. When he was needed for work, he was nowhere to be found. Well, the kind villagers did what

How an island became a place of song and sunshine



THE PEACOCK

he ought to do.

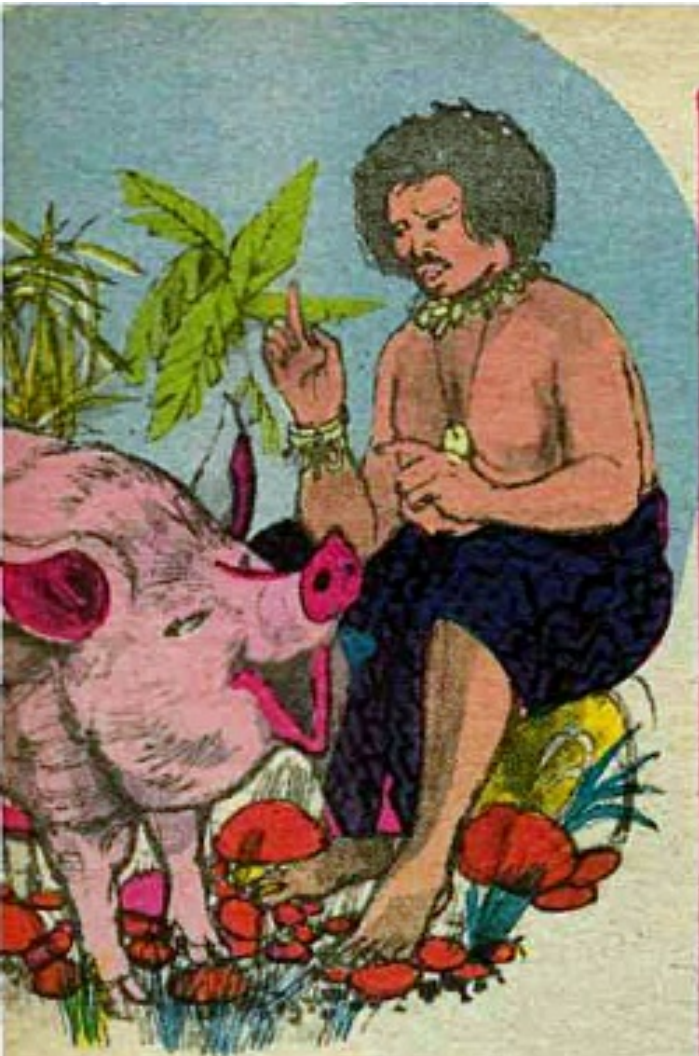
At last the villagers grew tired of this and they said to Pango, "We will not work for you any longer. Go out into the world and earn your own living."

Pango left the village and set out to seek his fortune. At last he felt hungry and he stopped at a little wayside house, hoping to

be given some food.

The woman who lived there gladly shared her meal with him and, while they ate, she told him all about the king, who lived in a fine palace not far away and the rich reward he had offered for any one who could give his little son a voice.

"He has offered a room full of



Being a kindly soul at heart, Pango stopped and said, "Good day to you. That looks a heavy bundle. Let me carry it for you."

"Thank you, my son, you are very kind," said the old man and as they went on together, he asked Pango where he was going.

"Oh, I am on my way to the king's palace, to see if I can find a voice for the prince," replied Pango. "But I do not yet know how I shall do it. The problem is a tough one. However, the reward is great."

"Is that all?" said the little old man. "It is quite simple. All you have to do is to find a sweet voice, which has the power to charm all who hear it. Then make sure that the prince hears it. It will charm him so much that he will feel he must imitate it and the moment he opens his mouth to try, the voice will come to him."

With that, the old man took his bundle from Pango and went his way.

Pango was delighted with the advice. As he went along, he met a pig. "Tell me, my friend, what would you say if you went to the palace to talk to the king?" he asked.

food, a room full of gold and a room full of fine clothes, but so far no one has claimed the reward," she told Pango.

Pango decided to try his luck. So he set out once more, pondering over the problem deeply, but however hard he racked his brains, he could see no solution at all.

Soon he came across a little old man. He was the oldest and frailest man Pango had ever seen and he was carrying a bundle which seemed almost as large as himself.

"Grumph, grumph, grumph," replied the pig and Pango shuddered. "That is not a fit voice for a prince," he said to himself.

Next he met a goat. "What would you say if you went to the palace to talk to the king?" he asked.

"Bleh, bleh, bleh," replied the goat and Pango thought, "That is not a fine enough voice for a prince."

Farther along the road, he met a hen. He stopped and said, "Tell me little hen, if you went to the palace to talk to the king, what would you say?"

"Cluck, cluck, cluck," replied the hen and Pango shook his head sadly. "That is not nearly good enough for a prince," he thought.

Pango was almost in despair, when he saw an ugly, dull grey peacock sitting on a fence. "What would you say, if you went to the palace to talk to the king?" he asked.

The peacock stared at him proudly. "I would say nothing," it replied haughtily, "for I would only have to open my mouth and sing and my voice would charm them all into silence." With that, the peacock opened its mouth and sang a song so wonderful that even the wind

stopped rustling the leaves!

Pango was delighted. "Surely that is a voice fit for a prince," he thought.

Pango went to the palace, asked to see the king and promised to find the prince a voice.

"You must hold a contest in the palace," Pango said, "and offer a great reward for the finest singer."

When the day for the contest arrived, the king and queen and





all the court were gathered to hear the singers. Only the little dumb prince was not to be seen, for Pango had placed him out of sight and told him to listen carefully. "When you hear a voice which charms you, you must open your mouth and imitate it," Pango told him.

First, the pig sang a song of grunts and snorts which was most unmusical.

Then the goat sang and his voice was rough and gruff. Then the hen sang, crowing and clucking and finally all three

sang together, making a terrible din, so that the king longed to put his hands over his ears.

The dull, grey peacock listened haughtily. Then, it walked proudly forward and opened its mouth. It sang a song so wonderful that the whole court was silent and still.

The little prince thought he had never heard anything like that and he opened his mouth to imitate the song. To everyone's surprise, the peacock's song was repeated from a different part of the courtyard and the delighted

king saw that it was his son who was singing.

The peacock opened its mouth, but now only an ugly croak came out. "You have tricked me!" it cried in fury. "You have taken away my voice!"

The king was very pleased. "You have done a great service and you shall be well rewarded," he told Pango. "However, you must also be punished for tricking the peacock. You shall have the room full of gold, but the room

full of fine clothes shall go to the peacock. In future he shall always be a most beautiful bird to make up for the loss of his voice." So it happened. Pango received his reward, the peacock lost his voice but was dressed in the most gorgeous colours and so stayed as proud as ever and the little prince gained a voice. He was so happy that he sang wherever he went and all the people of the island heard him and followed his example, making their island a land of song as well as sunshine.



THE GOLDEN FOOT

More than two thousand years ago in the land of Ancient Egypt a young lad named Kut and his twin sister Nefos were in the fields beside the great River Nile, collecting bundles of reeds. These reeds were called papyrus and they sold them to be made into a kind of writing-paper.

Their boat was almost full. Kut was collecting the last few armfuls, but Nefos wandered happily away to where she could gather some lovely flowers to take home.

In a clear pool Nefos saw a clump of beautiful water-lilies. Slipping off her sandals she

waded in. Suddenly there was a bubbling and a swirling and a huge crocodile rose out of the water and snapped at her ankle.

She screamed. Kut was by her side in a moment. He drove away the monster and pulled his sister to safety.

"Your poor ankle—it is badly bitten," he exclaimed. "Lie there while I run to fetch our boat to carry you home. You will not be able to walk."

While her brother sped away, a terrible weakness came over Nefos. Her ankle hurt dreadfully—but this was nothing compared to the pain of knowing that she would never again be



able to use that foot for walking.

Her eyes flooded with tears. Then there was a rustle of wings and the sound of birds alighting. It was a flock of sacred ibis birds. One of them advanced towards Nefos and to her dazed vision seemed to become the tall figure of a man with a head like that of a bird.

In a flash Nefos knew him. "You are the god Thoth!" she whispered. "Please help me."

"Little one, be not afraid," he replied. "I am the god of healing and I will help you. But first you must promise to keep my help secret from all people."

Nefos promised. What happened next she did not really remember. All she knew was that she suddenly felt well again, and when Kut came running towards her, she stood up and danced to meet him.

Kut looked at her in surprise.

By some strange magic, Nefos was now wearing one gold shoe. It came up above her damaged ankle and fitted so perfectly that it looked exactly like a golden foot.

"It is so wonderful," gasped Kut. "But—how?"

Nefos shook her head. She would not tell him. Not even her brother must know the secret she had promised to keep.

In the months that followed, Nefos worked and played as happily as ever. She kept the golden foot hidden with the hem of her long robe and wore a sandal, so that onlookers only

saw what they thought was a gold ankle bracelet.

But her happiness did not last. After a while poor Kut fell ill with a sickness that nothing seemed to cure. They became very poor. Alone Nefos could not gather enough reeds to sell.

At last, without saying a word to her brother, Nefos went into the city and then to a shop where Nebka, the goldsmith,



lived. After making him promise to keep it a secret she sold him the golden foot and sadly hobbled away. Now she was lame and could not walk properly, but at least she had money enough to buy food for Kut.

As she limped homewards she passed two priests. One was talking about a great temple many miles away in the desert where prayers were granted. When Nefos heard this she longed to make the journey and pray that her brother should be healed—but now that her golden foot was gone she was too lame to get there.

That night she cried herself to sleep.

In the Royal Palace of Pharaoh, the Egyptian ruler, lived a young man named Sekar. He often bought things of beauty from Nebka the goldsmith. One morning he found Nebka bubbling over with excitement.

From a wrapping of linen Nebka brought out the golden foot and Sekar could hardly believe his own eyes.

"It is beautiful—it must belong to the statue of a goddess," he exclaimed. "Where is the rest of the statue?"

"Believe me, gracious one," said Nebka, "but the rest of the



figure is of no value. I cannot say more."

"Very well, but I intend to find out," said Sekar. He had thought of the lonely temple in the desert and made up his mind to go there and pray that he might find the answer.

Sekar set out that same day with Abu his faithful servant. After three hard days they were only halfway there, when suddenly they saw a figure lying on the sand. It was Nefos. She was unable to stagger one step farther, and the tracks in the sand showed that she had come from the temple.

"Master, I know her," said

Abu. "She is called Nefos and just lately she has been a cripple with one lame foot. Her brother is sick and doubtless she has made the long journey to the temple to pray that he be cured."

Nefos opened her eyes. She saw the golden foot in Sekar's hand, and her expression told Sekar all he wanted to know.

"I was going to offer a prayer, but it has been answered," he said. "I know now who the golden foot belongs to." Gladly

Sekar restored to Nefos her golden foot. Nefos grew smart again after getting it back.

When they returned to the city, Nefos was overjoyed to find that her prayer had also been answered. Kut was well again. Not long after Nefos and Sekar were married.



CHEATING BY CANDLELIGHT



Ali was a generous and popular man in his area, but he had two friends, Jabbar and Kassim, both of whom were mean. These two friends liked to dine at Ali's house and that was quite often. Ali, of course, was a lavish host and had an excellent cook.

Whilst they ate, the three men would discuss everything under the sun. One evening, the talk happened to turn to the subject of ghosts. Ali firmly declared that ghosts there might be, but those who claimed to have seen them were bluffing. His friends argued loud and long that ghosts were seen in abundance and they harmed people at the earliest opportunity!

But Ali insisted that first of all there were no ghosts in that area and if there were, one had no

reason to be afraid of them.

Finally it was agreed that on the night of the next new moon, Ali was to spend the whole night in the graveyard which was on the top of a nearby hill. Furthermore he was to stay under a big tree there, which local people believed to be the home of ghosts. And finally it was laid down that Ali was not to have any light, and must spend the entire night in the darkness of the graveyard.

If Ali passed this his friends promised to treat him to a grand dinner. If, on the other hand, Ali failed, then he was to entertain his friends to a feast, comprising of not less than twenty courses.

On the night of the new moon, after an early dinner at Ali's house, the three men set out for the graveyard. Arriving



at the graveyard they had no difficulty in finding the ghostly tree. It was certainly a dismal place for anyone to spend the night. The two friends, Jabbar and Kassim, quickly searched Ali to make sure that he was not carrying candles and matches. Then they hurried away, with a promise to come back at daybreak to see how Ali had fared.

After they had gone, Ali took off the string of beads, which he wore around his neck, spread a cloth on the ground, and turning to the west, knelt and prayed to Allah. By the time Ali had finished his prayers, it was quite

late in the night. In the distance a jackal started to howl, then other jackals joined it in the chorus. Above his head, an owl hooted, and the graveyard seemed to be full of unearthly sighs and rustling.

Ali began to get scared, but calling loudly on Allah to protect him, he sat down under the tree, and closed his ears to the noises around him.

From where he sat, Ali could see the town below. The lights in the houses went out, one by one, as the occupants went to bed until at last there was total darkness. But in one house there was a lighted candle in the window, shining out into the night.

Ali watched this tiny light for hours, and wondered why the people in that house should keep awake. He waited a long time to see this light go out, but he began to feel drowsy, and soon afterwards fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

When Ali woke up, it was broad daylight. The birds were singing in the trees, and his two friends had already arrived. Ali rubbed his eyes, stretched his limbs, and in his heart thanked the merciful Allah for protecting him through the night.

After greeting his friends, Ali exclaimed, "By the grace of Allah, I have won!"

But his friends, Jabbar and Kassim, were evidently in no mood to concede victory to Ali. They started asking him questions.

"Brother, were you in complete darkness?" queried Kassim.

"Yes," replied Ali.

"Are you sure?" asked Jabbar, with a sly grin. "Was there not a lighted candle in the window of one of the houses?"

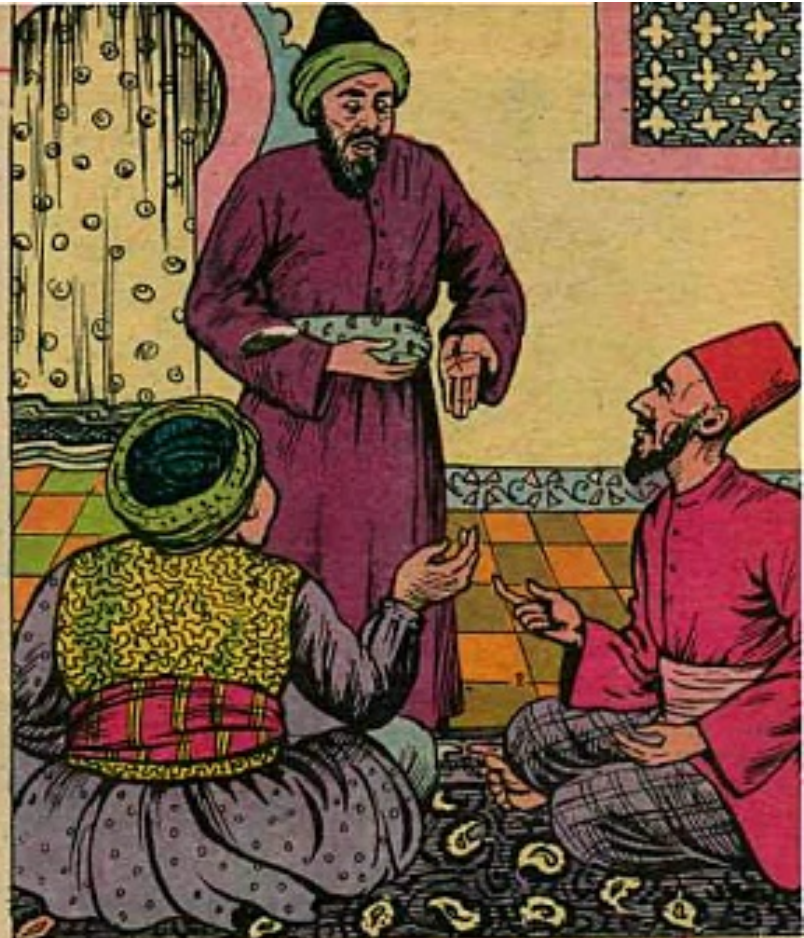
Ali at once knew that his so called friends had deliberately cheated him with the lighted candle.

"Yes," said Ali, "I did see the candle light."

"Then you have lost the wager," his friends shouted. "And now you will have to give us the twenty-course-dinner!"

Ali knew better than to argue with his friends. So he fixed the day and hour for the dinner.

On the day of the dinner, Jabbar and Kassim, dressed in their finest robes, arrived at Ali's house well on time. Ali, as usual, received them warmly and took them into the big hall. They talked for hours, but there was no sign of any food. At last,



the pangs of hunger made them forget their manners and they asked Ali when the food was coming.

"A twenty-course-dinner takes a long time to prepare," said Ali, "So you must be patient."

The friends waited and waited, but still there was no sign of any food, and Ali seemed quite content to just sit and talk. Finally the friends grew suspicious and told Ali they wanted to go to the kitchen to see for themselves what was happening about the food. Ali gladly took his friends to the kitchen.



What did Jabbar and Kassim find there? The cook was sitting in front of the stove, on which was placed a big brass pot, but only one small candle was burning inside the stove!

The two friends could not hide their disappointment, and shouted at the cook, "You fool, how can you cook a big dinner with the heat from just one candle?"

Ali turned to his friends, and quietly said, "Brothers, do not


be angry with the cook. If a candle at the foot of a hill can provide light to a man on the top of the hill, why cannot a candle under a pot cook the food in it? "

After that Jabbar and Kassim were forever sorry that they had tried to cheat their good friend Ali. Ali, though he remained friendly towards them, never again invited them to dine at his house. Before long Jabbar and Kassim realised that theirs was the loss—and a deplorable loss!

CONTEST FOR JULY 1983

Write in 100-200 words on 'The most Amusing Character I have known'. The character should be from your experience and not from any book. (Please state the no. of words used)

Entries should reach the Editor, Chandamama (English), 188 Arcot Road Madras—600 026 on or before the 15th of July. A reward of Rs. 50.00 will go to the winner. When there are more than one winner, each will get a reward of Rs. 25.00

A full-page illustration on the left side of the page. It depicts a man, King Vikram, from the waist up, facing right but looking back over his left shoulder towards the viewer. He has dark hair and a mustache. He is wearing a long, flowing pinkish-red tunic with a yellow sash or belt. He is holding a large, curved sword in his right hand. The background is dark and atmospheric, with swirling clouds and a few small, pale, skull-like faces floating in the air. The overall tone is mysterious and ominous.

New Tales of King
Vikram and the Vampire

CHOICE OF A BRIDEGROOM

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time and at the intervals of thunderclaps were heard the moaning of jackals and the eerie laughter of ghosts. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. But as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse observed, "O King, obviously someone has inspired you to take up this queer job. But are you sure about the soundness of that fellow's mind? There are so many instances of intelligent people acting in a foolish manner! Let me narrate to you one of them. Pay attention to the story. That ought to



bring you some relief.”

The Vampire went on: “Anant Das was a well-known man in his area. People of his locality had great trust in his judgment. They sought his advice on so many issues and accepted his decision.

The wealthy Anant Das had only one child — a daughter. Her name was Champa. She was beautiful as well as good-natured. Besides, she was an excellent musician.

It was time for Anant Das to look for a bridegroom for his daughter. One to marry her was to inherit his property.

When Anant was a student in the town, he had four close friends among his classmates. They seldom met afterwards, but Anant knew that all his four friends had four sons eligible as bridegrooms. Anant decided to find out if any of them would be a good match for Champa.

At a distance of a full day's ride lived Pravir Roy, one of his friends. Roy received Anant with warmth and Anant was amazed to see the magnificent mansion in which the Roys lived. He was much impressed by Vinayak, Pravir's son, who was humble and intelligent. As the two old friends sat talking of many things, Anant informed Pravir that his only child was a girl and her name was Champa.

“Champa, is it? What a coincidence! Our favourite horse is called Champa. Well, Anant, you ought to see our stable. Come on,” said Pravir. He took his friend around the stable rich with a dozen well-bred horses. Anant understood that the Roys were very rich indeed.

Next day Anant took leave of Pravir Roy and went to meet his second friend, Tinku Chowdhury. The meeting was delightful to both. Soon Anant found out that Tinku's son, Subroto,

was a fine young man.

In course of their chitchat Anant told Tinku Chowdhury about Pravir Roy's excellent horses. Chowdhury became grave. Then he said, "Anant, will you please tell me what is the use of maintaining a dozen horses? I can tell you in confidence that with the wealth I have I can maintain a dozen elephants — even white elephants. But why should I make such a show?"

Anant, after some time, spoke of his daughter. Cleverly he let him know that she was beautiful and gifted in many qualities.

"Anant!" Tinku Chowdhury suddenly sat up erect and asked, "Your daughter is your only child. Right?"

"Right."

"Who will inherit your property?"

"Naturally, my son-in-law!"

"Hm!" Tinku Chowdhury kept quiet for a few seconds and then said, "What do you think of my son? Why not marry Champa to him?"

"A good proposal. I'll think over it and let you know," replied Anant.

Next day Anant rode forth to the house of his third friend, Sunil Chand. Sunil was sick. His





son Ravindra who had got a lucrative job in the town had resigned the job in order to serve his ailing father.

The Chands were not rich, but had just enough to make their both ends meet.

At midnight Anant came out to the balcony and was surprised to see Ravindra standing alone leaning on the railing.

"Why have you not been to bed, son?" Anant asked the young man.

"A celebrated musician is singing in the temple courtyard. I can hear him faintly here," replied Ravindra.

"Why did you not go to the temple and hear him properly?"

"I could have gone, but since my father is not well, I thought I should not leave home. He might need my help any moment."

Next day Anant reached his fourth friend, Vijay Verma. Again it was a happy reunion of two old and intimate friends. Anant was also happy to discover a gifted musician in Sukumar, Vijay's son. Sukumar forgot everything else when he practised music and it was a treat to hear him.

When Vijay Verma heard that Anant's daughter, Champa was a musician too he clapped his hands and said, "Anant!" Won't it be fine if Sukumar and Champa are married?"

"It is a proposal that merits serious consideration," commented Anant.

At last Anant was back at home. He consulted his wife and then sent his family priest to Sunil Chand's house, with the proposal for Champa's marriage with Ravindra. Sunil welcomed the proposal. The marriage was duly performed on an auspicious day.

The Vampire kept quiet for a moment and then demanded of

King Vikram, in a challenging tone, "Tell me, O King, didn't Anant Das act foolishly? Both Pravir Roy and Tinku Chowdhury were rich and their sons fine young men. Is it wise for a girl's father not to seek alliance with such families? Again, Vijay Verma's son was a musician just as Champa herself was. Should Anant have not proposed Champa's marriage with him? Was this not yet another example of his foolish conduct? Answer me, O King, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck!"

King Vikram replied forthwith, "Anant Das, through his decision, proved that he was prudent. Pravir Roy showed more interest in his horse than in his friend's daughter. Tinku Chowdhury loved hoarding money and was jealous of others too. He was interested in Champa only because her husband would inherit Anant's property. This is about the two fathers. It is true that their sons were fine. But we cannot forget the fact that Anant Das was looking for a son-in-law who would also inherit his property. How can two rich heirs fulfil that need?



"Sukumar and Champa could have made a nice match in view of their interest in music, only if they would have themselves chosen each other. Otherwise Sukumar would expect his wife to take care of himself and his family when he remained engrossed in music, forgetting everything else.

"Coming to Ravindra, we know that he loves music, but is not a musician himself. Naturally he would appreciate Champa's talent. Secondly he was so dutiful that he resigned his lucrative job for looking after his



ailing father. Thirdly, his father had no much property. It should be easy for him to take charge of his father-in-law's estates. Hence Anant's action was

wise."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

WONDER WITH COLOURS



JAHANGIR AND SHAH JAHAN

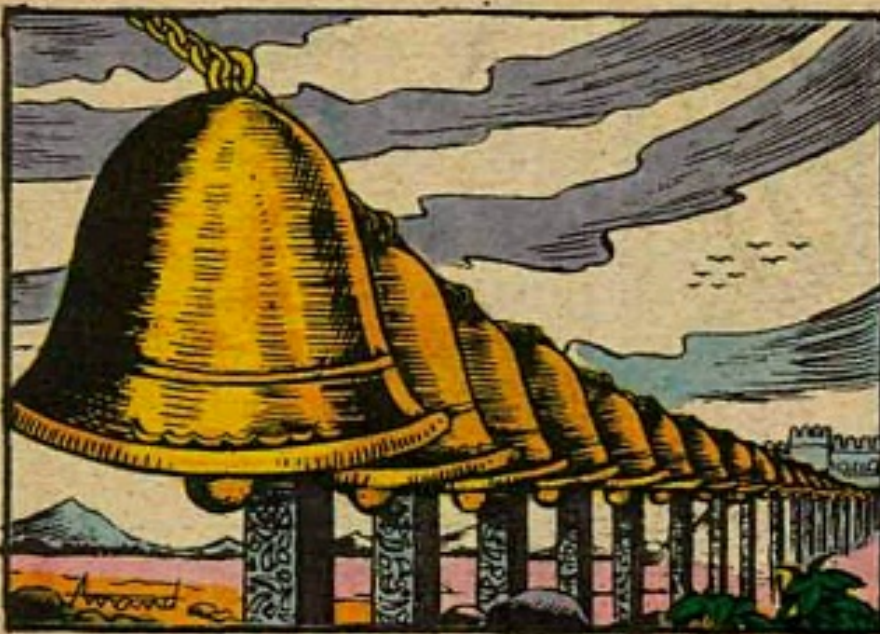
Upon Akbar's death, his son Salim assumed the name Jahangir and ascended the Mughal throne in 1605. Unlike his illustrious father, he was given less to constructive works and more to merriments. However, Akbar had left a sound legacy of administration.



Jahangir married a charming lady, a widow called Meherunnisa. He named her Nur Jahan. By and by she came to exert great influence on the administration. Her figure was embossed on coins along with Jahangir's.



Soon Jahangir's ambitious eldest son, Prince Khusru, revolted against him. The prince desired to capture the throne for himself. Although Jahangir was not a good general, he chased the prince to Punjab and imprisoned him. Khusru died in jail.



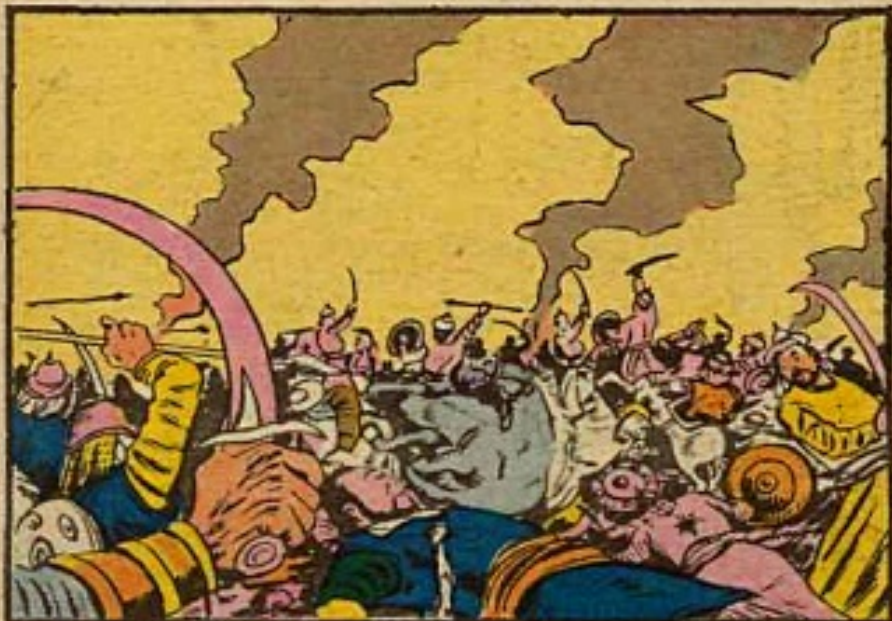
Jahangir, however, was a champion of justice. He hung a chain from the gate of his castle at Agra upto the bank of the Yamuna with 60 bells hanging from it. Anyone who sought the emperor's attention could pull the chain anytime of the day or night, setting the bells to ring.

Two emissaries of King James 1 of England, Capt. Hawkins and Sir Thomas Roe, met Jahangir, one after the other, seeking facilities for trade by Englishmen with India. Sir Thomas was a suave diplomat and he obtained many concessions for his countrymen. Thus were laid the steps for the British incursion to India.



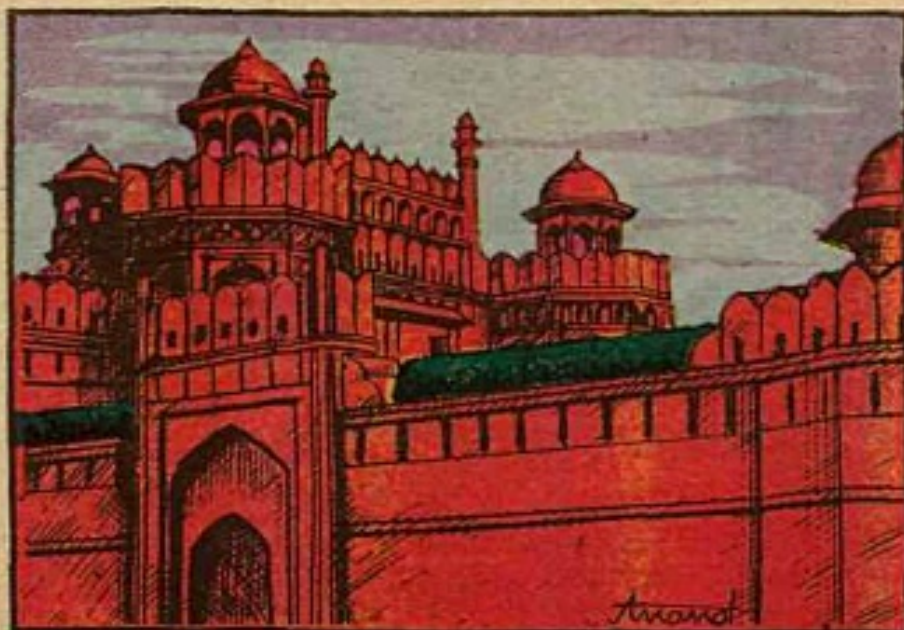
The other important event during Jahangir's rule was the State of Mewar's submission to the Mughal authority. Though Rana Pratap fought against the Mughals till he breathed his last, his son, Rana Amar Singh, was not quite brave. He recognised Jahangir as the emperor.

At Jahangir's death his son, Prince Khurram, took the name Shah Jahan and sat on the Mughal throne amidst a blood-bath, killing his younger brother Shahriyar and several other princes who opposed him.



Shah Jahan was greatly fond of luxury. At huge expense he made for himself the famous Peacock Throne, while a part of his empire, Kandahar, was annexed by the Shah of Persia. He tried to recover it, but failed.

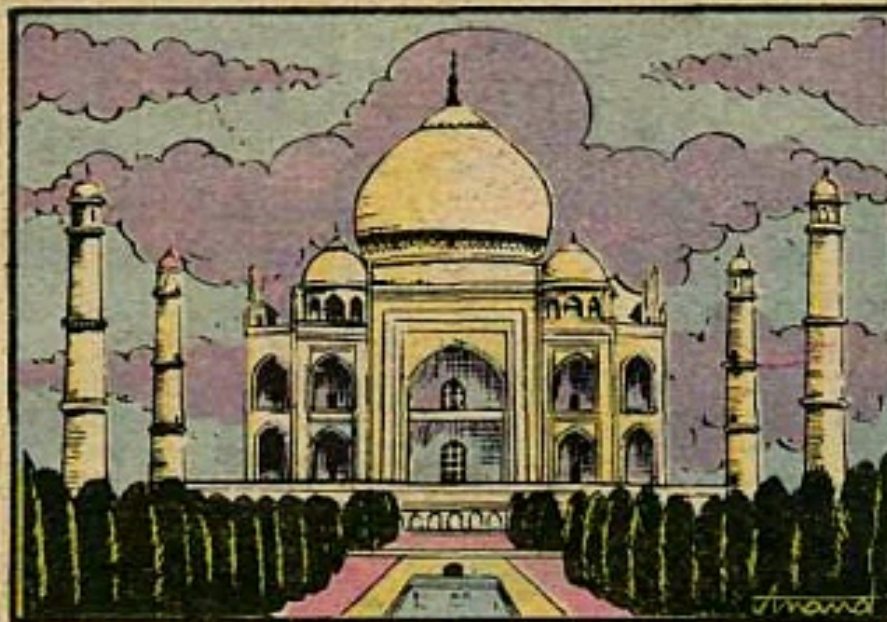
Shah Jahan made several magnificent monuments, including the famous Red Fort of Delhi. Inside the fort was Dewan-i-Khas on the wall of which he inscribed, "If on earth there is a paradise, it is here, it is here, it is here!"



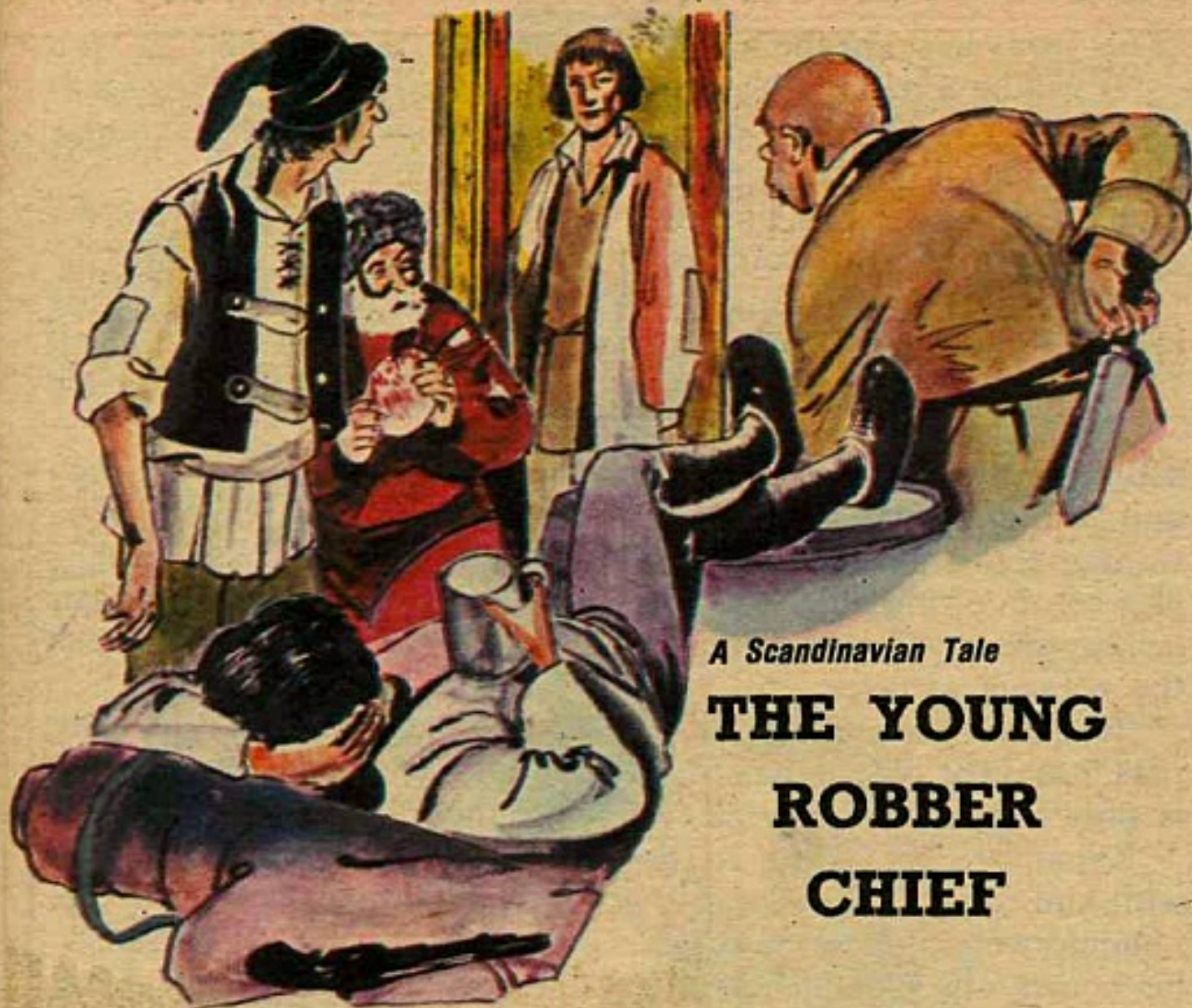


Shah Jahan was most fascinated by his chief queen, Mumtaz Mahal, the mother of his four sons, Dara, Suja, Aurangzeb and Murad. She was the greatest source of the emperor's joy and zest for life.

But she died untimely and that was a great shock to Shah Jahan. He built the unique monument, Taj Mahal, on her tomb. Entirely made of marble slabs, the Taj remains one of the finest architectural splendours of the world.



Shah Jahan's last days were sad. Aurangzeb killed his own brothers, directly or treacherously, and imprisoned the sick Shah Jahan in a fort. Gazing on the Taj beyond the river, attended upon by his daughter Jahamara, Shah Jahan died in his prison in 1666.



A Scandinavian Tale

THE YOUNG ROBBER CHIEF

Once there lived a poor peasant whose wife had died, leaving three sons. When they grew up, the peasant told them, "I have no money to give you. Go out into the world and seek your fortunes, my sons, and heaven be with you!"

He went with them as far as a point where the road branched into three and there he said good-bye to them.

The youngest son took the

road to the right. He walked all day and by the time evening came he found himself in a dark forest. Soon there was a terrible storm.

Seeing a light shining nearby, he made his way to it and found a small house.

He went inside and saw an old woman standing before a blazing fire.

"I am seeking shelter from this terrible storm," said the lad.

"May I stay here for the night?"

"It will be a bad night's work for you if you do," replied the old woman. "Go away while there is time, for this house is owned by a band of robbers."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," replied the youth. "If that is all, I will stay here for the night."

Before long they heard the sound of the robbers returning and while they ate, the old woman told them how the lad had come asking shelter. "Has he any money?" asked one of the robbers at once.

"No, and his clothes are in rags," said the old woman. "He is only a poor peasant lad."

"What are we going to do with him then?" asked another. "Should we let him go now that he knows our hideout? Will it not prove risky?"

At that, the young man entered the room. "Do you want a servant?" he asked. "My name is Hans and I am willing to work hard, if you let me stay."

The robber chief looked him up and down. "Stay then, we accept your offer," he said. "However, we must know that you accept our profession. Not far from here lives a peasant who owns three oxen. Tomorrow at dawn, he is taking one of

them to the market. If you succeed in stealing the ox without harming the man, you may become our servant."

Next morning at dawn the young man went out into the forest. He took with him a shoe belonging to the old woman which had a shining gold buckle on it.

He placed it beside the road and then sat and waited. Soon the peasant came past, leading his ox. He stopped when he saw the shoe and went to have a closer look.

"What a fine shoe," he said. "If only there were two, I would take them home to my wife. It might stop her nagging for a bit." Shaking his head sadly, he went on his way.

As soon as he had gone, Hans picked up the shoe, ran through the trees and placed it at the side of the road a little farther on.

When the peasant saw it he was delighted. "Here is the other shoe," he said. "I will go back and fetch the first one and take them home." He tied his ox to a tree and went back, but hard as he searched, he could not find the other shoe. Worse still, when he returned he found that both the ox and the shoe

had gone.

The poor peasant went home very quietly so that his nagging wife should not hear him. "I must take the second ox to the market and get a good price for it. Then she will never know," he thought.

The robbers were surprised at

the boy's skill. "If you steal the second ox without harming the man, you shall become one of us instead of being our servant," said the leader.

This time, Hans left the cottage and took with him the hilt of a dagger. He lay down beside the road, with the dagger hilt



sticking out of his coat and pretended to be dead.

When the peasant passed, leading his second ox, he shook his head sadly. "Poor fellow, he must have been murdered by brigands," he said.

As soon as he had gone, Hans leaped up, ran through the trees and lay down again at the side of the road, pretending to be dead. The peasant saw him and exclaimed, "How terrible! Another one!"

A third time the young man rushed through the trees and lay down at the side of the road. When the peasant came past, he could not believe his eyes. "I must be dreaming," he said. "I will just go back and make sure." With that he tied his ox to a tree and went back along the road and Hans quickly jumped up, untied it and led it away.

The robbers were amazed. "If you steal the third ox, we will make you our chief," they said.

Next day, Hans went out and hid in the wood. When the peasant came by with the third ox, Hans began to bellow softly. The peasant stopped and listened. "That is the sound of an ox," he said. "My other two animals must have broken loose and are wandering in the

forest." He tied the third ox to a tree and went in search of them and in a flash Hans untied it and led it away.

Hans was made the robber chief and, as they did not want the oxen, they turned them loose to return to their stall, much to the peasant's delight.

Next day, when the robbers went out, Hans stayed behind, saying he was tired. Then he dressed himself in fine clothes and went to see his father.

"Now that I am a robber chief," he said, "Go to the judge, our neighbour, and tell him that I wish to marry his daughter."

With many misgivings the old man did so and the judge roared with laughter. But he was a jolly fellow who liked novelty. "If this robber chief can steal a cake from my oven tomorrow, he can become my son-in-law," he replied.

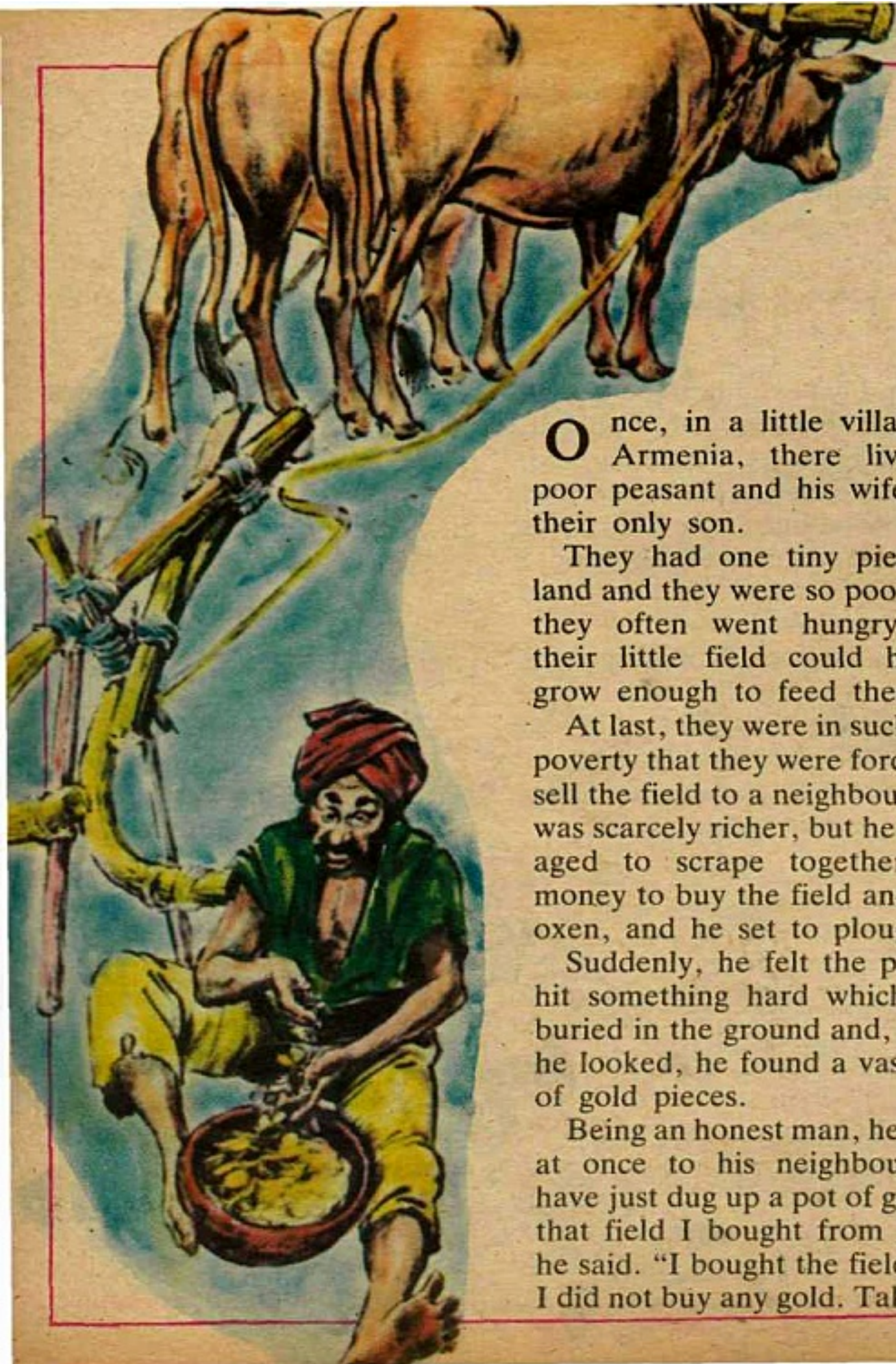
Next day, the young man dressed as a beggar and went to the judge's house. He took with him a sack in which he had three hares.

He stood outside the house, begging for alms. Everyone was in the kitchen, guarding the cake, but the kitchen-boy threw some coins out of the window.

The judge could not break his promise and he had to let Hans marry his daughter, but he made his would-be son-in-law promise that he would no longer be a robber chief.

He did so and he and his wife lived happily together for many years.





Once, in a little village in Armenia, there lived a poor peasant and his wife and their only son.

They had one tiny piece of land and they were so poor that they often went hungry, for their little field could hardly grow enough to feed them.

At last, they were in such dire poverty that they were forced to sell the field to a neighbour. He was scarcely richer, but he managed to scrape together the money to buy the field and two oxen, and he set to plough it.

Suddenly, he felt the plough hit something hard which was buried in the ground and, when he looked, he found a vase full of gold pieces.

Being an honest man, he went at once to his neighbour. "I have just dug up a pot of gold in that field I bought from you," he said. "I bought the field, but I did not buy any gold. Take the

THE GOLDEN ROSE BUSH

gold. By rights it belongs to you."

"No, it is not mine," replied the other peasant. "I sold you the field and everything in it. It belongs to you. I will not take what is not rightly mine."

"I am an honest man," cried the other peasant. "I do not wish to profit from the foolishness of others. Take the gold. I don't want what does not belong to me."

The two went on in this fashion for some time, shouting louder and louder and becoming more and more angry, until at last they even came to blows.

It was obvious that things could not go on like this and at last the two peasants went to the king and asked him to judge who was the owner of the pot of gold.

The king was amazed to find two such honest men. He thought for some time and then

he said, "How many children have you?"

"I have one son," replied the first peasant.

"And I have one daughter," said the other.

"How wonderful!" said the king. "See that they marry each other and give them the gold as a wedding present."

The two peasants were delighted with this simple solution to their problem and their children were even more delighted, for they had fallen in love and were very happy to marry each other.

With the money in the pot, they bought a splendid piece of land and built themselves a lovely little house and gave a grand wedding feast for all their neighbours.

From that time on, the two families worked together in peace and harmony, pleased to see their children so happy.



Their hard work on their farm made them quite wealthy and, to the wonder of everyone around, where the pot of gold had been found there grew up a wonderful rose bush, which bore shining golden flowers.

One day, the king's son happened to pass that way, as he was out hunting. He saw the lovely rose bush with its flowers of shining gold and he wished to pick a branch for himself. So, without stopping to find out who owned the bush, he leapt from his horse and went over and seized a branch which was loaded with blossoms.

As he did so, the bush rose from the ground, sailed up above his head and disappeared among the clouds.

Surprised and annoyed, the young man returned to his horse, but as he rode away, he turned to look over his shoulder. He was even more surprised to see that the golden rose bush had returned to its former place.

Back went the prince, for he dearly wished to have at least one golden rose, but as he reached out to take a flower by the stalk, the same thing happened. The rose bush lifted itself from the ground and disappeared.

More annoyed than ever, the young man again mounted his horse but when he looked back, there was the rose bush again, just as though it had never left the field.

The prince rode angrily back, determined that at all costs he would have at least one golden petal, but as he reached out his hand, the rose bush left the ground for the third time and floated up above his head, until it disappeared from sight.

At this, the prince flew into a terrible rage and he ordered his servants to destroy everything

that was in the field and leave nothing growing there at all.

The terrified peasants watched the destruction from the safety of their cottage, but there was nothing they could do.

When he returned to the palace, the young prince told his father what had happened. The king listened in silence and then he called all the wisest men in

the land together, but none of them could explain the mystery of the disappearing rose bush.

The young prince, overcome with curiosity, decided to set out and travel the world until he could find someone who would explain it to him.

At last he met an old woman, to whom he told his story. "I cannot tell you the answer," she



said, "but in the first city you come to, you will find a dwarf. Ask him."

The prince thanked her and rode on. Sure enough, when he came to the city he found the dwarf and told him the story of

the golden rose bush. The dwarf nodded his head, very wisely.

"The golden rose bush is a reward for virtue and hard labour," he said. "The roses may only be picked by the owner of the field and no one else. This is to make sure that no one takes the fortune of another for himself and also to make sure that no one is able to destroy another's property. It is to teach people not to be envious of the fortune of others, but to seek to achieve the things they want by their own hard work."

The young prince hung his head in shame at these words, for he remembered how, in his great rage, he had ordered the field and everything in it to be destroyed.

He thanked the dwarf and went back at once to the field, to ask the peasants how he could make up for his thoughtless actions, but to his delight and amazement, when he reached their home, he found that the golden rose bush had returned.

It stood in its former place in a field full of crops and blooming with flowers, where there was no sign of the havoc made by the prince's servants.





LET US KNOW

What is the definition of a limerick? How did the word come into being?

—Surya Kumar, New Delhi.

Limerick is a form of verse, generally humorous, composed in a five-line jingle often unequal in length.

Here is an example of the verse-form, as well as a warning about them, by Morris Bishop, a great master of modern limericks:

The Limerick is furtive and mean;
You must keep him in close quarantine,
Or she sneaks to the slums
And promptly becomes
Disorderly, drunk and obscene.

The term most probably originated from a refrain to a popular song, "Will you come up to Limerick?"—Limerick being in Ireland. Edward Lear's nonsense verses were called by M. Russell *Learic*. This word might have influenced to popularise the term *limerick*.

Here is a *limerick* by Edward Lear with his own illustration:

There was an Old Lady of Chertsey,
Who made a remarkable curtsy;
She twirled round and round,
Till she sunk underground,
Which distressed all the people of Chertsey.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



M. Natarajan



A. Syed

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for May '83 goes to:—

Master R. Suresh, Plot No. 25, D.No. 20/1,
Sriram Nagar, Thiruvannamipur, Madras-41

The Winning Entry:— 'Pride' — 'Prejudice'

PICKS FROM THE WISE

It is easier to write a mediocre poem than to understand a good one.

—Michel Eyquem de Montaigne.

Everybody sets out to do something, and everybody does something, but no one does what he sets out to do.

—George Moore.

Life is a foreign language: all men mispronounce it.

—Christopher Morley.

Hooray! Hooray!
It's a Goldspotting day!



NO PAINTING
COULD EVER DO ME JUSTICE.
BUT KEEP TRYING.



Trilby GS 18.83



I SEE THAT
USING YOUR MOUTH
CAN ALSO BE
AN ART!



WE'RE GOING
GOLDSPOTTING.

THERE'S
A BIG BEAR HUG
FOR THE WINNER!

HURRAY!



ans Goldspotting
GOLD

'When I grow up
I'll read only komiks
and eat only biskits...'



Kids love
Parle Gluco—
the tastier energy food.



PARLE
Gluco

—India's largest selling biscuit.

